SOME NEW BOOKS.

Congo.

Seldom have American publishers been credited with work more ornate and admirable than the two sumptuous volumes entitled *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State*, by HENRY M. STANLEY (Harpers). Everything that long experience, taste, skill, and large resources could contribute to the reader's gratification by the number and beauty of illustrations or the elegance of binding, paper, and typography has been lavishly expended on this book. We wish we could say that the writer had done his part as well, and that the narrative was worthy of its mechanical and artistic embodiment. For a certain time, no doubt, until more competent and trustworthy observers have traversed the same field, these volumes will retain a measure of substantial value, as being the most exhaustive, if not the sole magazine of information on a subject clothed by circumstances with considerable interest. The creation of a Congo State by the Brussels Conference, and the implication that the projected commonwealth will enjoy the protection of the powers represented at that meeting, have made the conditions and prospects of the experiment matters of some public moment. In the almost total absence of other testimony, we must necessarily resort to Mr. Stanley's evidence for the material on which to base a provisional opinion.

But the readers of Mr. Stanley's former records of travel do not need to be informed that he is not in all ways a satisfactory witness, and that it would be rash to ground on his unsupported statements any course of public policy toward the new settlement in Africa, or any railway speculation in the Congo region. We can see no proof in these volumes of any marked improvement in the writer's motives, methods, and qualifications. The style, which in so many subtle ways reveals the character, repeats in this instance its unerring indications. It betrays the same shortcomings and the same perversities. It is as flippant, slovenly, and disingenuous as ever. It shows the same indifference to lofty aims, large views, and generous sympathies, the same congenital incapacity of earnest, disinterested, impersonal investigation, and of clear and exact statement. We are but faintly impressed by his labored affectations of philanthropy, or by the random exhibition of some tardily acquired and imperfectly digested scientific attainments. The fitful and ostentatious recurrence to the technical terminology of the meteorologist or botanist does not beget implicit confidence in the range and quality of the traveller's equipment, but, on the contrary, by suggesting a standard of proficiency with which he would do well to shun comparison, keeps us continually alive to his serious defects. Yet, with all its obvious drawbacks, his book, as we have said, is for the moment indispensable. It embodies all the knowledge which is just now accessible with relation to the Congo, and we cannot turn our backs on this repertory because it contains much also that is trivial and worthless, and because the labor of sifting the true from the untrustworthy is incessant and arduous.

What Stanley knows about the Congo country, and about the new State created there on paper by the Brussels Conference, is summed up in the two final chapters of his work, which together cover some seventy pages. What he knows, or rather what, in view of his evident desire to promote a certain railway project, he chooses to say about the productive capabilities and commercial possibilities of the Congo basin, is set forth in a prolusion which he is pleased to call "the kernel of the argument," and which with some interesting and valuable statistics displays a good deal of reckless imagination. Although even in his measurements we encounter frequent signs of lax and exaggerated statement, it is unquestionably an immense area of cultivable land that is drained by the Congo River system. We can probably accept the figures contained in the following paragraph: "The Congo River is over 3,000 statute miles in length, measured as follows: From the Atlantic Ocean in a navigable length of 110 miles as far as the station of Vivi; thence upward to Isangila, the lower series of the Livingstone Falls, 50 miles [a non-navigable section]; from Isangila to Manyanga we have a tolerably navigable stretch of 88 miles; between Manyanga and Leopoldville is the upper series of Livingstone Falls, along the length of 85 miles [of course, non-navigable]; from Leopoldville upward to Stanley Falls we have a navigable length of 1,068 miles; from the lowest fall of this last series to Nyangwe there is a course of 385 miles; from Nyangwe to Mweru the river course extends 440 miles; the length of Lake Mweru is 67 miles; thence to Lake Bangweolo is 220 miles; Lake Bangweolo or Bemba is 160 miles long, and thence to its sources in the Chibalé Hills the Chambezi has a length of 360 miles; the full total of these several courses being 3,034 miles."

These data, we presume, are sufficiently accurate; but when the writer proceeds to estimate the territory drained by the Congo's tributaries, he indulges in some characteristic flights of fancy. For example, he has only explored the affluent Mohindu for about eighty miles, but this does not restrain him from bestowing on it, in one of his tabulated statements, a length of 850. Up the Sulunger he went but three miles, but does not scruple to affirm that this river will, with its tributaries, "probably" be found navigable, on no better evidence than vague native reports, for over 800 miles. Of the Ngala we are told that "some fifty miles of an ascent leads me to expect" that it would be found navigable for about 450 miles. To the Itimbiri, which he had explored for just thirty miles, he chooses to impute a navigable length of 250 miles. These are fair samples of his process of computation where he feels certain of escaping immediate exposure, and it needs no argument to prove that conclusions founded on such premises are valueless. When, therefore, he informs us that the total length of the Congo's tributaries is nearly 14,000 miles, we are not particularly impressed, for we can see no reason why he should not call it 20,000 and have done with it. It is by like processes of visionary calculation that he reaches the estimate of 43,000,000 for the population of the upper Congo section alone.

But what are the products of this region, and in what quantities are they obtainable? Those are the questions which investors will expect to see replied to before they embark capital in the railway scheme proposed by Messrs. Sanford and Stanley. The references to this subject are highly complex and ingenious. Mr. Stanley admits that at present the only articles available for export, even in moderate quantities, are palm oil, India rubber, gum copal, redwood powder, and ivory, and he owns that the latter is now the most valuable product. But he is nowise daunted by the unsatisfactory exhibit. For if, he says, it be "presumed" that there are 200,000 elephants in the Congo basin, each carrying 50 pounds weight of ivory in his head, and if it be also "presumed" that each and every one of them would obligingly consent to be shot down, then their tusks "would represent" $25,000,000, or a sum more than sufficient to reimburse the builders of a railway, Q. E. D. But just here Mr. Stanley takes considerable credit to himself for circumspection, and prefers to stop and look over the country's prospects from the point of view of business men. "In my opinion," he says, "the ivory stands but fifth in rank among the natural products of the basin." So he tries another supposition. "If," we are again invited to *presume*, "every warrior living on the banks of the Congo and its navigable affluents were to pick about a pound in rubber each day throughout the year, or to melt two-thirds of a pound weight of palm oil and convey it to the trader for sale, $25,000,000 worth of vegetable produce could be obtained without exhaustion of the wild forest productions." But, unfortunately for the soundness of these "estimates," the native warrior does not favorably incline to the steady and lucrative vocations suggested. He would rather pass the time in aiming spears at Mr. Stanley, or in building a fire under some too enterprising missionary. The simple truth is, of course, that the upper Congo basin, for sociological reasons, has not now, and cannot have, any considerable surplus of valuable products with which to tempt foreign trade. The whole structure of Society would have to be revolutionized in order to bring about industrial conditions favorable to extensive production. The natural resources of the country might, indeed, be developed by European colonization on a large scale, or by a few European settlers, who, while inveighing against the slave trade and ostensibly repressing it, should really hold large companies of natives in a state of virtual serfdom. From our recollection of some of Mr. Stanley's past performances in Africa, we should not be surprised to learn that he secretly contemplates the last-named solution of the problem. We will, indeed, hazard the conjecture that, if the settlements founded on the Congo by the African Association could be thoroughly examined by an impartial inspector, the condition of the black employees under the Stanley régime would be found to differ very slightly from positive bondage.

Travels in Kamtchatka.

If we except Thibet, the interior of New Guinea, and the Brazilian slope of the Andes, there is scarcely any part of the habitable earth about which we know less in western Europe and America than about Kamtchatka. In St. Petersburg, no doubt, more is or could be known about this remote and seldom-visited corner of Asia; but such knowledge as exists has been but sparingly disseminated. Yet it is a land which by geographical position and historical associations is clothed with considerable interest. It must have been the principal way station for the great intercontinental migrations by which, in some prehistoric era, America was colonized from Asia; it was known to Buddhist missionaries, and must have been the last point upon the main land from which some of their number set out upon the distant voyage recorded in the Chinese annals, and which, according to an overwhelming weight of testimony, must have brought them to Mexico. It is contiguous to Mantchuria, and, ethnologically as well as topographically, is but an extension of that region from which the reigning dynasty of China derives its origin, and whence the Huns emerged to harrass the frontiers of the Middle Kingdom long before they set out upon their westward march against the Roman empire. What are the present climatological, botanical, and biological conditions of this land, which has played a part, obscure and yet by no means unimportant, in the annals of mankind? Any aid toward an answer of the question should be prized, and it is mainly for the light which it casts upon this subject that we welcome a book called *Tent Life in Siberia*, by GEORGE KENNAN (Putnams). As an employee of the surveys undertaken by the Russo-American Telegraph Company about twenty years ago, the author had occasion to explore that part of the route traversable by the proposed line which passed through northeast Asia, and the present volume offers us a summary of his personal observations. Mr. Kennan does not claim to have had the scientific training which would tell him in all cases precisely what to look for or how to classify and interpret it when found, but he has essayed to give us a clear and accurate transcript of such natural and sociological phenomena as would naturally impress themselves on the eyes of a keen-witted traveller possessed of the ordinary acquirements.

The severity of the Kamtchatkan climate has been very much exaggerated. The author seems to have shared the current impression, for when he approached the coast settlement of Petropavlovki in the latter part of August he expected to see nothing but mosses, lichens, and perhaps a little grass. "It may," he says, "be imagined with what delight and surprise we looked upon green hills covered with trees and verdant thickets; upon valleys white with clover, and diversified with little groves of silver-barked birch; and even the rocks nodding with wild roses and columbine, which had taken root in their clefts." Throughout the greater part of the Kamtchatkan peninsula, which it is to be remembered is some 700 miles in length, the traveller found the climate mild and equable, and the vegetation exhibiting "an almost tropical luxuriance, totally at variance with all one's preconceived ideas." We might expect a country like this to be thickly settled, but Mr. Kennan estimates the population of the whole peninsula at no more than 5,000. This aggregate is made up of Russians, who are, of course, scattered and not numerous, of Kamtchadals, or settled natives, and of wandering Koraks. Of the Kamtchadals, who compose the most numerous class, we are told that they "are settled in little log villages throughout the peninsula, near the mouths of small rivers, which rise in the central range of mountains and fall into the Okhotsk Sea and the Pacific. Their principal occupations are fishing, fur trapping, and the cultivation of rye, turnips, cabbages, and potatoes, which grow thrifty as far north as lat. 58°." On the other hand, "the wandering Koraks, who are the wildest, most powerful, and independent natives of the peninsula, seldom come south of the 58th parallel of latitude except for the purpose of trade." It is, of course, the Koraks about whom we are most curious. "Their chosen haunts, it seems, are the great desolate steppes lying east of Penjinsk Gulf, where they wander constantly from place to place in detached bands, living in large fur tents, and depending for subsistence on their vast herds of domesticated reindeer."

Elsewhere we learn that the Kamtchadals, or inhabitants of the native settlements in the south of the peninsula, are "a dark, swarthy race, considerably below the average stature of Siberian natives, and are very different in all their characteristics from the roving tribes of Koraks and Chookchees, who live further north. The men average perhaps five feet three or four inches in height, have broad flat faces, prominent cheek bones, small and rather sunken eyes, no beards, long, lank, black hair, small hands and feet, very slender limbs, and a tendency to enlargement and protrusion of the abdomen." The author does not notice, but the student of Roman history cannot fail to remark the astonishing resemblance of the description just quoted to that given of the Hunnish invaders under Attila by contemporaneous observers. Contrariwise, the Kamtchadals have absolutely no point of contact with the Huns as regards moral qualities; but this spiritual divergence may be due to a complete variance in surroundings, prolonged through many centuries, for the Chinese annals show that the emigrating Huns had adopted the predatory habits of a border life long before they turned their faces westward. We learn from Mr. Kennan that the present Kamtchadals "are not independent, self-reliant, or of a combative disposition like the northern Chookchees and Koraks; they are not avaricious or dishonest, except where those traits are the results of Russian education; they are not suspicious or distrustful, and for generosity, hospitality, simple good faith, and easy, equable good-nature under all circumstances, I have never met their equals." He adds that as a race they are undoubtedly becoming extinct, having diminished in numbers more than one-half since 1780. Through the civilizing influences of intercourse with Russian traders, "they have already lost most of their distinctive customs and superstitions, and only an occasional sacrifice of a dog to some malignant spirit of storm or disease enables the modern traveller to catch a glimpse of their original paganism." For subsistence in winter they depend mainly upon aquatic fowls, which are cleaned and salted, and upon salmon dried without salt in the open air. Since the advent of the Russians they have learned to raise and grind rye, but formerly the only native substitute for bread was a sort of baked paste, consisting chiefly of the grated tubers of the purple Kamtchatkan lily. The only fruits of the country are a species of wild cherry and berries, of which, however, there are fifteen or twenty edible kinds. We should not forget to mention that cows are kept in nearly all the Kamtchadal settlements, and milk is always to be had.

With the wandering Koraks Mr. Kennan had ampler opportunities of intercourse than had fallen to the lot of any other traveller, and this book contains the largest amount of information concerning this people which is accessible to American readers. He noticed that the Koraks, like the Co-Yukons in Alaska, count by fives instead of tens; but he could trace no likeness whatever between their language and any of the tongues now spoken on the American side of Behring's Strait. Their religion he would class among the corrupted forms of Buddhism, which are collectively described as Shamanism, and he would define it briefly as "the worship of the evil spirits supposed to be embodied in all the mysterious powers and manifestations of nature, such as epidemic and contagious diseases, violent storms, famines, eclipses, and brilliant auroras." From his own observation of them Mr. Kennan became convinced that among the Koraks, at all events, the Shamans, or priests, are not impostors, but sincere believers in their own imputed powers of interpretation and mediation. Among the Koraks, as among other vagrant tribes of Siberia, the bodies of the dead are burned, together with all their effects, in the hope of a final resurrection of both spirit and matter. The sick, too, as soon as their recovery becomes hopeless, are either stoned to death or speared. The author also found the Russian report well founded that the Koraks murder all their old people as soon as the infirmities of age unfit them to play their parts in life. To us this seems a custom of hideous cruelty, but, to the Koraks, long habit has made it a fitting and edifying method of relieving the community from burdens. Mr. Kennan tells us that all Koraks are taught to look upon a violent death at the hands of relatives and friends as "the natural end of their existence, and they generally meet it with perfect composure. Instances are rare where a man wishes to outlive the period of his physical activity and usefulness." Notwithstanding the apparent malignity of this custom, the natural disposition of the Koraks is, it seems, thoroughly good. They treat their women and children with great kindness, and during two years' intercourse with them Mr. Kennan never saw a woman nor a child struck. Their honesty, too, is remarkable, and they have never been known to commit an act of treachery. To illustrate their inflexible fidelity, Mr. Kennan tells us that a Korak sentinel, intrusted with the duty of protecting reindeer from the wolves, will "patiently endure cold which freezes mercury into solid lumps, and storms which sweep away his frail shelter like chaff in a mist of flying snow. Nothing discourages him; nothing frightens him into seeking the shelter of the tents. I have seen him watching deer at night with nose and cheeks frozen so that they had mortified and turned black."

The Koraks are apparently the wealthiest deer owners in Siberia, and consequently in the world. Many of the herds which Mr. Kennan saw in northern Kamtchatka numbered from eight to twelve thousand, and he was told of a certain rich Korak who had three immense herds in different places, comprising, in the aggregate, 30,000 head. The care of these great herds is almost the only occupation of the Koraks' lives. The author notes, as one of the most curious superstitions of this people, their reluctance to part with a living reindeer. They will kill a deer at your request, and let you have the carcass for a pound of tobacco or a string of common glass beads; but a living deer they will not give to you for love or money.

London Society Again.

A translation of the letters contributed to the *Nouvelle Revue* by the person whose pseudonym, Count PAUL VASILI, is now tolerably well known, and which were afterward collected under the generic title "La Société de Londre," has lately been brought out in Harper's Handy Series. *The World of London*—such is the name given to the American reprint—has been subjected to much excision at the hands of the American publishers, who were not satisfied with the censorship exercised by their English confrères, though this, too, was pretty rigid. The result of this two-fold process of expurgation has been to divest the book of its only title to attention, a certain piquant readableness due to the copious infusion of malice, not to say of calumny, in the original text. Of substantial value the book has none, and defective information on the part of his readers cannot now be counted on to blind them to his blunders and deficiencies. His "Société de Berlin" was welcomed with much artless confidence as well as curiosity on this side of the Atlantic, for the number of Americans who are intimately conversant with the court of Berlin is unquestionably small. We know a good deal more about England and its metropolis, and cannot in these days be taken in by professed observers, whose knowledge of English society has been picked up from book shelves, from newspapers, or the servants' hall. The widest contrast is offered between this ill-assorted and unassimilated mass of clippings from year-books, memoirs, and society columns, and the shrewd, racy, obviously first-hand observations of the papers on the same theme written by a self-styled "foreign resident," and included by the Harpers in the same collection of Handy Volumes. In the latter's vivid pages there are hundreds of facts and scores of reflections not to be met with elsewhere in print, while there is not a sentence in these prolusions of "Paul Vasili" which could not with some pains be traced to its true progenitor in some book or newspaper. Of the London society journals, and especially of *Vanity Fair*, he has been an assiduous but undiscriminating student, and he has laid the memoirs of Lord Malmesbury under heavy contributions.

The Count's affectations of historical knowledge are peculiarly droll; two or three examples must suffice. He has heard somebody refer to Prof. Freeman's rather exaggerated detestation of the term Anglo-Saxon, and he accordingly regales his Parisian readers with an exhibition of his profound erudition anent this subject. They are instructed through the *Nouvelle Revue* that "the appellation 'Anglo-Saxon race,' which really makes England a German colony, is as erroneous as it is wrongly interpreted. The two words, Anglo and Saxon, are almost a repetition of each other, for the Angles are the people who came from the Don [sic] and became the Saxons, and the Danes of Schleswig, who afterward invaded Norway, and later, under the name of Scandinavians, Scotland and the east of England." After this nothing can surprise us, not even to hear that the Duke of Norfolk is the descendant of a royal line, or that the Earl of Derby, head of the great historic house of Stanley, owes his social position, like Mr. Bischoffsheim, to his bank account.

With journals and journalists the author has such a vague and random acquaintance that his chapter on the subject is only worth citing for its absurdities. Parisian readers, whose notions about England are traditional, and change but little in the course of generations, will doubtless swallow his assertion that the *Times* "is still an oracle for nine persons out of ten, and when it gives its opinion in a discussion, the cause that it supports is won." Ludicrous, too, is the inaptness of the epithets he chooses in order to describe the *Telegraph*: "Prudent, thoughtful, and analytical in its opinions, and possessing great authority." Of the peculiar stamp affixed to the *St. James's Gazette* by the circumstances of its origin (the secession of Mr. Greenwood and his staff from the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the transformation of that paper by the proprietors into an organ of Radical opinions) he is entirely ignorant. He appears to think the *Athenæum* a society or theatrical journal, for he lumps it with the *World*, *Truth*, and the *Stage*, and he is unaware of the existence of the *Academy*. To *Vanity Fair*, on the other hand, he allots about a dozen lines, which is no more than justice, seeing that he has reproduced scores of paragraphs from that newspaper.

Amusing, for the like discreditable reason, is his chapter on literary and scientific men. He assures his readers that he "could talk to them" about Huxley, Sir Joseph Hooker, Siemens, and many more, but he prefers to content himself with "two very interesting types," one of whom is introduced as Prof. Proctor, "the great astronomer." We may add that he puts George Eliot and Mrs. Henry Wood in the same category, condescendingly describing them as "well known all over the Continent." In the next sentence he brackets Darwin with Trollope, and Dickens with Stuart Mill.

CLEVELANDIANA.

Sentences Gathered at Random From Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's New Book.

We are liable to have notions until we get knowledge.

Let us study career as means only to the end—character.

The quality of divination is the intellectual element of altruistic faith.

No secret of hydraulics could cause a dewdrop to hang upon a rose leaf in a cube.

I never knew a good man or a good woman who was not practically an optimist.

The past is simply humanity. It is thou and I, a vast congregation of thous and I's.

An acorn in the mind is worth more than an oak forest at the end of the tongue.

The noble soul would choose rather not to be than not to be somebody in particular.

So fine an irony has history, that that which makes the shame of its wives makes the glory of its kings.

Manners are made in the market where they are sold, and their buying and selling are mostly unconscious.

No gift can pass between human creatures so divine as the gift of recognition, for it touches upon the creative.

To be dramatic, and at the same time accurate, is a rare combination. If the one is gift the other is grace.

One who has faith in the concrete is sure to have it in the abstract; and the effect is that of optimism in the world.

We can do no braver or better thing than to bring our best thoughts to the every-day market. They will yield us usurious interest.

Milton's sublime audacity of faith aerates the ponderous craft of his verse, and keeps it from sinking into the abyss of theological pedantry.

Our lives are not laid out in vast, vague prairies, but in definite domestic door yards, within which we are to exercise and develop our faculties.

Herein is the significance of the saying that history repeats itself. It does repeat itself, because it repeats its factors—the men and women who compose it.

With the attitude and utterance of her spirit confronting me, I cannot allow her verse to be poetry. She is the raconteur, not the ruler; the scientist, not the seer.

The dullest mortal spirit must at times grope restlessly and expectantly in the outer darkness for something beyond, and this something must exist, will exist, in a true poem.

The mother makes the man, perhaps; but the wife manufactures him. Sometimes the wife in her manufacture confirms the making of the mother, sometimes counteracts it.

The born poet has no agony in the deliverance of his song. The uttering is to him that soothing balm which the utterance is to the reader. It is the weeping, not the tear wept, that gives relief.

The humanity of each of us is like some æolian harp constructed by the Master Musician, and laid down tenderly by Him upon the sea shore, where winds from every quarter play continuously.

Each of us can so believe in humanity in general as to contribute to that pressure which constantly levers up the race, can surround ourselves with an atmosphere optimistic rather than the contrary.

Whether men admit it or not, faith in ourselves and faith in our brother and sister humanity follow from our faith in God, and if that faith be allowed its full growth will each win their rightful rank.

Reciprocity, constant and equal, among all His creatures is the plan of the only maker of plans whose plans never fail in the least jot or tittle. He has reserved to Himself the power to give without receiving.

Human history is nothing but one ceaseless flow of cause into effect, and of effect into cause. There is nothing but which is consequent. You and I are but the consequents of a vast tangle of antecedents in all time before.

You come from one of George Eliot's poems as from a Turkish bath of latest science and refinement, appreciative of benefit, but so battered, beaten, and disjointed as to need repose before you can be conscious of refreshment.

In these days of ebb and quicksand, when agnosticism rears its stone wall in front of faith, and writes upon it in capital letters the end-all and the be-all of all knowing, the unknowable, we have no need to know where God is to confirm our faith in Him.

True self-knowledge is never to be come at by burrowing in the narrow limit of our own individual thoughts, feelings, and experience. We must, in order to truly see ourselves, stand before the great mirror humanity, and, in its all-reflecting focus, behold our own proper individuality.

(An erroneous notion of the Middle Ages.) A tunnel of time, one thousand years long, through which humanity rumbled blindly in an emigrant train, the last skyrockets of the Roman empire flaring up at one end, the first sunbeams of the Renaissance shining in at the other—and no light between—the no-account period of history.

What's in a name? A rose by any other name might smell as sweet; but a lily, if rechristened rose, would never diffuse the rose's odor, nor gain, in addition to its own spotless perfections, the deep-hearted sorcery of that enchanting, crumpled wonder, which we thrill in touching, as if it, too, had nerves, and blood, and a human heart—a rose!

(A picture of Joan of Arc.) A little peasant maiden, doing lowly service in the cottage home at Domremy; a mail-clad maiden, leading forth her soldiers from the gates of Orleans; two faithful feet on fagots at Rouen; a radiant face uplifted to the beckoning skies; a crucifix upheld in shrivelling, flame-kissed hands; a wreath of smoke for shroud, a wrack of smoke for pall, a heap of ashes, and—a franchised soul!

In this scientific age—this age of iconoclasm—it is greatly good for us to confront things rich, rare, out-of-the-common-things, above our power to comprehend, beyond our power to destroy. It is well for us who are so blind to the rose-color in our daily lives to be forced to acknowledge its existence in the imperishable canvass of history; well for us, so intensely practical as we are, to be compelled there, at least, to confront the romantic and the heroic.

QUEER FACTS AND HAPPENINGS.

A curiosity at Rockford, Ill., is a young negress with a luxuriant growth of auburn ringlets.

To prevent mosquitoes from hatching, oil is thrown into the ponds and standing water of Florida.

Three young bantam chickens belonging to Charles R. Hambright of York, Pa., lay eggs that are pure white on one side and a beautiful strawberry color on the other.

A Justice of the Peace of Bowdon, Ga., has served thirty years and never had a judgment reversed or sent back for a new trial, has been married three times, and has raised twenty-two children.

Mrs. John Wood, aged 67, and the mother of twelve children, eloped from her home near Toledo, Ohio, with William Bradley, aged 21, and went to Detroit, where they were eventually obliged to go to the poorhouse.

When Annie Leon left New York twenty-two years ago to attend her husband and son, who were mortally wounded at Gettysburg, she lost her two-year-old daughter. The girl has just been found in a blind asylum at Columbus, Ohio.

The son of a Scotch millionaire, who has become greatly interested in agriculture, has hired himself to an Illinois farmer for $15 a month so as to learn the American methods of farming. He agrees to labor two years at that rate of pay.

David Reedy, a colored man, living near Marietta, Ga., was struck while working in a field by a whirlwind, and, as he said, "whisked into the air to a height that made the trees look like little bushes." His descent was so easy that he was not in the least harmed.

A new appointee as United States Minister to South America was asked by what route he was going to his destination. After stammering awhile he said, "Blessed if I know. I never thought of that. I don't know how to get there at all." He was a college professor.

On Wednesday Frank Smilie, a drummer, was in Macon, Ga., and was handed a letter dated April 9, 1884, that had travelled thousands of miles in hundreds of mail bags while vainly pursuing him. A year ago he left Cincinnati without a certain perfumed letter that was expected, but he gave instructions to have it forwarded. It arrived the day after his departure, and was forwarded. It kept right behind him, and followed him into Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and Mississippi. All this time he wondered why "she did not write." About a month ago he read a marriage notice in which the writer of the misplaced letter figured as the bride.

Ulysses and Ada Gage have just lost their infant son. Its grandparents on the mother's side were cousins, the great-grandmothers on the mother's side were sisters; on the father's side the grandparents were cousins, and both were cousins to both of the great-grandmothers on the mother's side; the great-great-grandmother on the mother's side was a sister to the great-grandmother on the father's side; the great-great-grandfather on the mother's side was a brother to both great-great-grandfathers on the father's side; the great-great-grandfather on the mother's side was an uncle to the grandmother on the father's side, and double uncle to the grandfather on the father's side; the great-grandparents on the father's side were double uncle and aunt to the great-grandmother on the mother's side.

LIGHTNING FREAKS.

Lightning struck a Chinese restaurant in Helena, Montana, and Ung Ong Jong's face was changed from copper color to black, but he was otherwise uninjured.

When the storm came up on Saturday at Butler, Va., Pierce Hackett was ploughing. He hitched his mules to a barbed wire fence, which the lightning struck half a mile away. It killed the mules.

In the home of A. J. Harwood, Nashua, N. H., lightning bolted into his dining room, tore up his carpets, throwing them in a heap in a corner, and tore a painting upon the wall into strings.

A colored man and his wife and child, were sitting upon a wagon seat, driving a mule, at Dermott, Ark., when a lightning bolt killed both of the parents and the mule, while the child escaped entirely.

Aaron Lowe's cat had her hair singed off from her entire body by lightning, while Mrs. Lowe and her mother were thrown to the floor of the sitting room of their house in New Haven when lightning struck the house.

A little detached cloud hovered over Baker Hollow, near Brooklyn, and threw out from every side zigzag flashes of electricity that made it appear like an immense fire wheel. Ezra Foster went to his window to get a good view, when a bolt passed through his head from ear to ear and killed him.

Lightning woke up John Housen of Arkwright, N. Y. He found himself paralyzed and his wife unconscious by his side. After they were able to get out of bed they found Mrs. Housen's bangs had been burned off and a neat strip of skin taken from her forehead, while the husband had severe burns on his arm, shoulder, and leg.

Thomas H. Malony had just stepped on a rail of one of the switches of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, at Chattanooga, Tenn., when there came a blinding flash, and he fell dead instantly. The lightning struck the rail, entered Malony's body by the heel, cut off his shoe as if with a knife, cut his clothes open, and took the crown out of his hat.

Dan Stone's umbrella was turned inside out and the cloth cut into ribbons by lightning at Otisfield. Then it ran down his arm and split open his hand, and so thoroughly destroyed a peck basket he was carrying that no vestige of it could be found. Every seam of his shoes was cut open as clean as though done by a sharp knife, but without injury to the leather. He survived.

John Brown's Rebuke to a Swearer.

From the Des Moines Leader.

Mr. Gill has a rich store of John Brown anecdotes. I remember one he used to tell when we were grangers together in Keokuk county. It is this: Brown was greatly opposed to the use of profane language, and sternly forbade it among his men. At one time he captured a border ruffian in Kansas, and he could shame a Flanders regiment with his horrible oaths. Brown listened to him for some time, partook of his supper in silence, lighted his pipe from coals in the ashes, then said to the border heathen: "I very much dislike to hear you using such language." Greatly surprised at the declaration, he asked Brown to state his objections. "I'll tell you, sir," he replied. "If there is no God it is exceedingly foolish, and if there is it is desperately wicked." And Mr. Gill remarked that old Brown said it in such a fatherly way that the fellow desisted, and never afterward swore in his presence.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

July Heats.

From Wide Awake.

A red sun rising at morning with flame on his burning crest;
A red sun sinking at evening in the molten glow of the west;
The air grown languid and drooping on wings too heavy to fly;
The voice of a drowsy locust that croons to a drowsy sky;
And cool waves crisping and darkling across the hot sands of July!

Down on the beach with the sea shells, their brave brown cheeks aglow,
I watch the play of the children, and follow them to and fro.
Oh, sweet red lips of my darlings! Oh, light of the fearless eye!
With ye comes rest for the spirit, and freshness and peace draw nigh,
Like cool waves crisping and darkling across the hot sands of July!

M. E. B.

To a New Bride and Housekeeper.

From Good Housekeeping.

You little guess the lonesomeness that's coming o'er my life,
When you have left the farm and me to be Will Johnson's wife;
But I suppose my mother felt just so, when from her side,
Your father came one summer's day to carry home his bride.

Ah, me! how happy had I been if Providence had spared
My good old man to see this day, who all my feelings shared;
But, then, I would not bring him back, not even if I might,
Nor change one crook that's in my lot, for what God does is right.

But as I sit alone and think, I see some things I'd change;
I might have made him happier; then do not think it strange
If I should speak some warning words to save you, if I may,
From making thoughtless, sad mistakes, to bring clouds o'er your way.

So just remember, Hannah, dear, that, though you're pretty bright,
It may be very possible you'll not be always right;
Perhaps when you are fretting o'er some other body's sin,
You'll find the fault was all your own if you would look within.

As when we washed the window panes together face to face,
So that the smallest spot or stain would find no resting place,
You would insist, however hard to make you see I tried,
That every spot was my fault when 'twas really on your side.

And, Hannah, oh! be patient if you find Will sometimes slow;
Your wits flash out like lightning streaks, as swift to come and go;
Now, lightning is a handy thing in stormy nights, 'tis true,
But after all a steady shine is kind o' useful too.

And if there's any difference comes 'twixt your good man and you,
Don't stop to ask whose fault it is; the only way to do
Is just to take the thing in hand and try with all your might
Before it grows too big to change, to fix it up all right.

You know the dough, when first 'tis set is moulded as we will,
But when 'tis baked, we cannot change its shape for good or ill;
So now, when you are starting out in your new home, is just
The time to see what ways you'll set to harden into crust.

But, dear, you'll not succeed alone, no matter how you try,
You'll have to go down on your knees and ask help from on high.
We soap and rub, and boil and rinse, but after all, you know
It takes heaven's sun to make the clothes as white as new fall'n snow.

MARGARET E. WHITE.

Consequence of the Comma.

From Vass Vaporings.

In his court King Charles was standing on his head a golden crown
And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous frown
Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands were jewels bright
Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and splendid sight
Four and twenty noble ladies proud and fair and ten feet long
Were their trains that flowed behind them borne by pages stout and strong
In a bower of fragrant roses the musicians now compete
Blowing trumpets with their noses they inhale the fragrance sweet
See the queen how sad and tearful as the king cuts off her head
One bright tress of hair at parting and she wishes she was dead.

Christopher C——.

From the Christian Union.

In the city of Genoa, over the sea,
In a beautiful country called Italy,
There lived a sailor called Christopher C——;
A very wise man for the times was he.

He studied the books and maps and charts,
All that they know about foreign parts;
And he said to himself: "There certainly oughter
Be some more land to balance the water.

"As sure as a gun the earth is round;
Some day or other a way will be found
To get to the east by sailing west;
Why shouldn't I find it as well as the rest?"

The court philosopher shook his head,
Laughing at all that Christopher said;
But the Queen of Spain said: "Christopher C——,
Here is some money; go and see."

This is just what he wanted to do,
And in fourteen hundred and ninety-two
From the port of Palos, one August day,
This Christopher C—— went sailing away.

He sailed and sailed with the wind and tide,
But he never supposed the sea was so wide,
And the sailors grumbled and growled and cried,
"We don't believe there's another side.

"Oh, take us back to our native shore,
Or we never shall see our wives any more.
Take us back, O Christopher C——,
Or we'll tumble you overboard into the sea."

In spite of their threats he wouldn't do it;
There was land ahead, and Christopher knew it.
They found San Salvador, green and low,
And the captain shouted: "I told you so!"

"This is the land King Solomon knew,
Where myrrh and aloes and spices grew,
Where gold and silver and gems are found,
Plenty as pebbles, all over the ground."

They thought they had sailed clear round the ball,
But it wasn't the other side at all,
But an island lying just off a shore
Nobody ever had seen before.

They planted their flag on a flowery plain,
To show that the country belonged to Spain;
But it never once entered Christopher's mind
That North America lay behind.

Then Christopher C—— he sailed away,
And said he would come another day;
But if he had stayed here long enough
We should talk Spanish or some such stuff.

Natural Philosophy.

From Texas Siftings.

When things run smoothly, and my mental sky
Is clear of clouds and there's no cause for sighs,
That is, when all is lovely and serene, then I
Philosophize.

But when the little ills of life appear,
To pester, worry, and pile care on care;
When mere existence is sand papered, as it were,
Why, then I swear.

When on the right side of my bank account,
And great good luck my efforts seems to crown,
Then upward toward the sky my spirits mount:
I own the town.

But when misfortunes never seem to let
Up on me, and each move appears a blunder,
And life seems one "demnition grind," I get
As mad as thunder.

'Tis so with most; we all can smile at strife,
At cares and trials from which we are free;
And calmly reason o'er the ills of life
We never see.

But when the clouds obscure our daily skies
And evils from Pandora's box fly thick,
Instead of stopping to philosophize,
We mostly kick.

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

Sundered Friends.

From the Independent.

Oh! was it I, or was it you
That broke the subtle chain that ran
Between us two, between us two?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?

Not very strong the chain at best,
Not quite complete from span to span;
I never thought 'twould stand the test
Of settled commonplace, at best.

But oh! how sweet, how sweet you were,
When things were at their first and best,
And we were friends without demur,
Shut out from all the sound and stir.

The little, pretty, worldly race!
Why couldn't we have stood the test—
The little test of commonplace—
And kept the glory and the grace?

Of that sweet time when first we met?
Oh! was it I, or was it you
That dropped the golden link and let
The little rift, and doubt, and fret

Creep in and break that subtle chain?
Oh! was it I, or was it you?
Still ever yet and yet again
Old parted friends will ask with pain.

NORA PERRY.

A Warning.

From Harper's Weekly.

They met beside the sea beat shore
In dog days apathetic;
He was a learned pedagogue,
And she a maid poetic;
They met, they loved, within a fog,
The maiden and the pedagogue.

She doted on the picturesque,
And he on natural history,
And while he mused above the shell
Which made the clam a mystery
She sweetly chanted poetry
On summer by the dark blue sea.

Or tinkling of her light guitar
Upon the wavelets flowing,
He in pursuit of jelly fish
And her came lightly rowing.
The moon blinked softly through the fog
Upon the maid and pedagogue.

They wedded ere they went to town;
But, oh, the sad confusion!
They found when they could know the truth,
Their love was but delusion;
That dreams and natural history
Would not by any means agree.

And now they lift a warning voice,
Fraught with intense emotion,
To all the summer men and maids
Who tarry by the ocean.
"Deceit," they cry, "is in a fog!"
The sad wife and the pedagogue.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

QUEER WRINKLES.

The Best Remedy.

Literary Miss Smith (to young physician at a party)—Are you familiar with Burns, Dr. Fresh?

Dr. Fresh—Oh, yes. I had several quite severe cases on the Fourth. I find flour very cooling and effective.

A Misunderstanding.

"Let me see," said a minister who was filling out a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date; "this is the fifth, is it not?"

"No, sir," replied the bride, with some indignation, "this is only my second."

Warm Weather.

Citizen (to Custom House clerk)—Well, old fellow, how's the weather down about the Custom House?

Clerk—Rather H. O. T.

Laying in a Stock.

Young Wife (to husband)—Don't you notice a difference in the milk, dear?

Young Husband—Yes; this is much better than we have been getting.

Young Wife—Very much better. I got it of a new man. He said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure, and so I bought enough to last for a week.

An Unsuccessful Appeal.

"Cud yo' help me er little dis mawnin', boss?" inquired a limping old darky. "I'se de erigernal Uncle Tom in Mistah Heunery Wa'd Beechah's story, entitled 'Dat Little Ole Log Cabin in de Lane.' My name is Harris, sah, George Harris. I'se tryin' ter raise money enough to git ober ter Brooklyn."

"No," smiled the gentleman importuned. "I don't believe I can do anything for you to-day, Uncle Tom."

"Has yo' nebber read dat book menshuned, sah?"

"No, I never did."

"Den yer eddicashun hab ben sadly neglected, boss. I take yer fo' er gemmen of eddicashun, 'deed I did."

A Passion for Violets.

Sick Wife—If I should die, John, will you see that my grave is planted with violets? I am so fond of them, you know.

Husband (with emotion)—Yes, dear; and if you wish it I will see that "Sweet Violets" is sung at the funeral.

Not Much of a Breakfast.

"Why, where is the mackerel I brought home last night?" asked Jenkins at the breakfast table.

"Do you mean the mackerel you brought home early this morning?" inquired his wife, rigidly.

"Er—yes, of course. I was detained at the office last night, and I suppose it was morning when I got home. But where is it?"

"You put it to soak in the washbasin, and I had to throw it away."

A Laudable Ambition.

"Bobby," said the minister at the dinner table, "what do you expect to do when you grow up?"

"I'll be a minister, I think."

"That's a laudable ambition, indeed, Bobby. Do you think you will like to be a minister?"

"Oh, yes," Bobby replied. "Pa says you've got the softest job in town."

Without Price.

Young Artist (to friend who has recently furnished bachelor's apartments)—Charley, dear boy, I admire your taste. I see you have a little thing of mine hanging there.

Friend—No, did you paint that?

Young Artist—Yes; I'm proud to say that it's from my brush. By the way, Charley, if it's a fair question, what did the dealer charge you for it?

Friend—Well—er, to tell you the truth, old man, the dealer threw that picture in.

Helping Him Out.

Young Featherly (at a late hour)—Really, Miss Clara, it's very annoying, but I had it on the tip of my tongue but a moment ago. I was about to say—to say—er—singular, but it seems to have escaped me.

Miss Clara (coming to his assistance)—Possibly you were about to say "Good-night," Mr. Featherly?

Preserving One's Health.

Physician (to patient)—You should take two grains of quinine every hour or half hour.

Patient—Great Scott! doctor, isn't that rather often?

Physician—No. Take it in a little whiskey.

Patient—All right. Two grains every—how often did you say?

Physician—Every hour or half hour.

Patient—All right, doctor. Two grains every half hour.

A Way Out of It.

"Confound it all," said Smith, "there comes Jones, and I owe him $2. He'll ask me for it sure."

"I'll tell you what to do," suggested Smith's friend. "Just take a drink out of that street fountain."

"How will that prevent him from asking me for the money?"

"He'll think you haven't got any."

The Value of an Education.

"Education, my dear friend," said a minister to a convict in the penitentiary, "is a powerful lever for good. You should devote what time you can get to obtaining knowledge. If you had improved your opportunities when young you might to-day be a respected and useful member of society. But even now it is not too late. What brought you to this unfortunate place?"

"Forgery, sir," replied the convict. "I was too handy with the pen."

A Mark of Respect.

Young lady (to young officer)—I observe that the private soldiers salute the officers when passing.

Young officer—Yes; it's a mark of respect.

Young lady—Do they always show that respect?

Young officer—Oh, yes; they are compelled to.

Front Platform Etiquette.

A passenger standing on the front platform of a Fourth avenue car put his foot on the dashboard.

"Don't do that," said the driver; "if you are caught at it I'll be laid off for three days."

"Do they blame you for such a thing as that?"

"Yes; they're mighty particular now. Why, if I should sit down before I reached Forty-fourth street I'd be discharged."

"Mustn't smoke," broke in the conductor.

Then the passenger went inside and sat down.

Trouble in the Household.

At the breakfast table Mrs. Warclum poured the coffee in ominous silence. Finally she said:

"Were you at the office all day yesterday?"

"W—well, to tell you the truth, my dear," replied Warclum, "I didn't feel much like business, and so I went down to Coney Island for a day at the races."

"Did you go alone?" she asked quietly, but firmly.

"N—no," he said, "there were a few friends with me."

Then she lost control of herself.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "and such friends! John Warclum," she went on excitedly, "last night you talked in your sleep, and I know it all. For over one hour you tossed and tumbled, and muttered the names Miss Woodford, and Jennie D., and Miss Dale, and Dizzy Blonde, and once I heard you say distinctly that they were the finest lot of maidens you ever saw. Think of it! A married man, and supposably a respectable member of society, associating with a woman who will allow herself to be called a Dizzy Blonde. It's a perfect——"

He interrupted this tirade and attempted to explain, but the breakfast was cold before she could hear a word.

Watermelons Won't Go.

"There is as handsome a lot of watermelons as ever reached New York," said a Washington Market dealer, "and yet people shun them as if they were afraid they would go off. Where I sold a thousand last season I do not sell one hundred."

"How do you account for it?"

"That's an easy one. Why, cholera, cholera, cholera! The Health Board have scared the fruit consumers to death, and, in place of breakfasting on a good ripe watermelon or dish of other fruit, they are dieting on oatmeal, crackers, rice, or hominy. Nothing green—not a shade of that color upon the table. Now, watermelons are notoriously wholesome."

"How do the prices compare with last season?"

"There is a handsome melon for twenty-five cents. Fifty and sixty cents was a common price a year ago."

"Many melons coming?"

"Yes; but they will not pay expenses. We won't have the cholera, but we have got the scare, and the melon business is laid out."

A Mean Speculation.

"I have a memorial here which I would like to sell you," said a peddler to a lady whose door bell he had rung in Brooklyn yesterday. He held up an engraved memorial surrounded by a cheap frame. It had been gotten up to memory of a little child of the lady, who had died a few weeks before.

"How did you know I had lost a child?" she asked.

"Oh, I saw it in the papers," was the reply. "That is where we got the age and other information required."

"It's a good thing," said the man to a reporter. "We look over all the newspapers and cut out the notices of the deaths of children. After two or three weeks, when we think that the grief of the parents has passed over somewhat, we get up a memorial and take it around. It is solely on our own responsibility that we do it, and we must run the risk of not selling. Sometimes people are indignant when we approach them, but as a general thing they buy. We sell them at $5 apiece, to be paid for at the rate of 50 cents a week. Now, between you and myself, they cost us about $1 each."

Henry's Heart was Touched.

From the Merchant Traveller.

He had been going to see her a long time, but never stated the object of his visits, and she was desirous of knowing something of the future. The last night he called he seemed to be quite sad, and after several well-developed sighs he said:

"Life is full, very full of bitterness, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she responded cheerily. "I haven't much cause to complain."

"Possibly not now, Mary, but the bitter cup has been placed to your lips."

"Yes, Henry, my parents are dead."

"And is there no bitterness in that, Mary? Is it not very, very sad to be an orphan?"

"Of course it is, Henry, but you see"—and she blushed—"it relieves you of the embarrassment to ask father."

Daniel and the Lions.

From the Chicago Ledger.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me why the lions would not hurt Daniel?" said a gentleman, addressing a Sunday school.

"I know," said one bright little fellow, holding up his hand.

"And what was the reason, my little man?" said the speaker, stepping forward, with his face in a joyous glow. "Speak up loud, so that all may hear you. Why wouldn't the lions bite Daniel?"

"I guess it was cuz he b'longed to the circus."

Working for the Railroad.

From the Denver Tribune-Republican.

"This talk about the West Side Street Railway Company being hard to work for is all bosh." "Did you ever work for the company?" "Yes, and was well paid for it, too." "In what capacity did you serve?" "I—I was an Alderman."

HAYESISM IN CHICKENS.

Discoveries Said to Have Been Made by a Notorious Man in Fremont.

FREMONT, Ohio, July 9.—A number of gentlemen of this village who are interested in the raising of poultry frequently meet and compare notes. The other evening, after the routine business of the meeting was over, a stout man, with well-known features, said:

"I can give you a pointer as to chickens that will make you open your eyes wide. I have been making experiments on eggs which will revolutionize the trade in this county. I don't mind giving it away, especially as it will cost me nothing. To begin with, I will say that my object in experimenting was to obtain varieties of chickens which would not look like any breed now known. I made use only of eggs from pure white fowls, so that my chick germs might start without any tendency to color, and then injected peculiar powders into a dozen of them. These powders were of three colors, and inexpensive. You may imagine my delight when the chickens had hatched out to find that they had blue heads and legs, white bodies and red wings. They were tricolor chickens, and I was able to sell them at a large price to a French gentleman, who sent them to Paris, where they are now on exhibition in the Jardin d'Acclimation. They excite the utmost enthusiastic patriotism among the susceptible Parisians. I soon found that I could produce chickens of any color, and my patrons have only to state what colors they prefer, whether ecru, ashes of roses, old gold, or [illegible], and they can be accommodated. A flock of old gold chickens with red legs, such as will to-morrow feed in my yard, has a very fine effect. To please an æsthetic farmer I can furnish chickens to match the color of the barn or chicken house."

There was a solemn silence when the speaker stopped, and he was encouraged to continue.

"I have also discovered," he said, "that certain parts of the eggshell affect certain fowl parts of the chicken. By pasting passages of Scripture, such as 'Wine is a Mocker,' on my eggs, I have been able to produce chickens which should carry a moral lesson with them wherever they went.

"Finally I pasted a portrait of myself on an egg, and thereby produced an enlarged portrait on a rooster's breast. I was elated with joy for a day or two, but I soon noticed that the poor thing drooped. It was a very peculiar case. The other fowls all seemed to avoid the chick, and in a week it died. The fowls were all of a sturdy breed, too.

"From a whim that is unaccountable, I placed one of my incubators on my daughter's piano, and now all the chickens hatched in it can sing 'Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,' and 'Blest be the tie that binds.' The eggs have absorbed the music."

"Is that all?" said a dozen solemn voices.

"Why no, not exactly all, but——"

"Move we adjourn. The lunch is free to-night," said the voices.

"Adjourned," shouted the Chairman, and the stout man was the nimblest of them all in getting out of the room.

THE SHAVE ENDED IN SILENCE.

The Customer was Wearied by the Smooth-bored, Bevel-edged, Cheerful Liar.

The barbers were all busy during the hottest of the hot days last week in an up-town shop when a visitor entered. His cheek bones were high, his moustache was of the color of wet straw, and his hair was plastered down on his forehead in a style that stamped him from afar. He was on dress parade, and filled with pride. From his highly polished boots to his brilliant blue tie he was resplendent and new. He swaggered into the shop with the air of a conqueror, and the foreman rested the lather brush in his victim's ear while he leaned over confidentially and whispered:

"That's Charley; you've heard me speak of him, hain't you?"

"Well," said the large man in the chair, "if there is anything under heaven or on earth that you haven't spoken of——"

"Yes," said the foreman, hurriedly, "but this here boy is the dandy masher of the universe, and is known all over New York. Why——"

"You needn't shave off my moustache."

"Ah, there, Charley," catching the visitor's eye and smiling with a pleased expression, "how are all the dear girls?"

"Well, they're as expensive as usual," answered the visitor, with an affectation of carelessness. "Gimme a light for my see-gar, please."

Four of the barbers left their chairs at once to get a match, and four of the customers sat upright in their chairs and looked around with lathered and expressive faces at the very popular German with the blue necktie. The expression on the face of the large man, whose ear had been lathered, was not kindly.

"Charley," said the boss, "what's become of that millionaire's daughter in Brooklyn that was running after you?"

"What, C. B., the millionaire's daughter on Clinton avenue?"

"No," said the boss, with a very confidential wink, "I was referring to M. N. F., the sugar refiner's daughter."

"Oh, I chucked that over long ago," said Charley, strutting up and down with a face that was adorned by a look of ineffable complacency and an unusually aggressive barber cigar, while the large man rose up perilously under the razor and stared hard at him.

"How's the little actress, Charley," ventured the foreman, insinuatingly.

"Which, the one at the Bijou?" asked Charley, turning away from the mirror, where he had been gazing with undisguised delight at his putty-like mug.

"Oh, no, I mean the one at the Casino."

"Oh, I got a letter from her last night. She's a sticker from way back."

Once more the large man sat up, and when he lay down again his voice rose plaintively.

"Charley, you make me very weary."

The barbers looked around in surprise, and the visitor ceased curling his moustache and turned around.

"In fact, Charley," continued the man, "you are about the worst specimen of a smooth-bored, bevel-edged, and cheerful liar that I ever heard."

Then the large man lay back in his chair, and the shave was finished in absolute silence.

AMERICA'S NEW INDUSTRY.

A Tariff that Cheapened a Product, and Created a Demand for Operatives.

"Speaking of the alarming increase in opium smoking," said a prominent wholesale dealer in drugs, "reminds me of the absurdly short-sighted policy adopted by the Government to check it two years ago. The attention of Congress was then called to the fact that in 1880 the importations of opium for smoking purposes were 77,196 pounds and those for 1883 were 298,153 pounds. Congress then attempted to check the traffic, and the duty of $6 per pound was, in July, 1883, increased to $10. The imports for 1884 fell to 1,966 pounds and for the first six months of this year they were practically nothing.

"Now, has Congress checked opium smoking by this big duty? No. The practice was never more prevalent, and it is spreading all over the country. The action of Congress had the effect of advancing the duty and cheapening the article. The Treasury loses about $1,000,000 a year, but opium smoking increases.

How do I explain this, and where do the Chinamen get the opium for their customers? Well, in the first place, the imports of crude opium, which is used to manufacture morphine and quinine and other drugs, are fairly becoming larger. The duty on that kind of opium is only $1 per pound, and we sell it for $5.45 per pound by the case, which holds a dozen packages. The last price of smoking opium was $9 per pound, gold, which with the duty, would be $19 per pound wholesale. Since this duty of $10 was imposed, a new industry has sprung up on the Pacific coast, and for all I know, in this city. It is the manufacture of smoking opium from the crude article. This industry is carried on very extensively in California. The factories there are owned and controlled by Chinamen. When the prohibitory duty of $10 was imposed, rich Chinamen in San Francisco saw their opportunity and hunted the Chinese quarters for workmen who were familiar with the manufacture of smoking opium. These factories buy the crude article for [illegible] a pound, and by Chinese cheap labor manufacture smoking opium at a cost of $4 per pound. They ship it overland to this city, and their orders from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and all the Southern cities are daily growing larger.

"Opium smoking was once considered a luxury which only the rich could enjoy, but now, with its manufacture thrown into the hands of Chinamen, it is supplied at a much smaller cost, and the use of the drug has spread among people of limited means.

Maryland's Auger Makers.

From the Cecil Democrat.

During a period of twenty-five or thirty years, ending about 1846, the markets of [illegible] ton and Baltimore were [illegible] with screw augers made in the [illegible] county, Md., whence 13 shops [illegible] the trade. Thomas Garrett [illegible] ger making from Miles Standish [illegible] the Miles Standish who came [illegible] the Mayflower, who, in company with [illegible] den (a descendant of the John Alden who [illegible] America in the Mayflower), settled near [illegible] corner of Maryland about the year 1795. [illegible] required to get the augers to market, when the [illegible] was at its best, which was before the time of [illegible] and railroads, were undertakings of great [illegible] and were performed on the old-fashioned [illegible] plied between Elk Landing and Baltimore and New Castle and Philadelphia.